

THE GATEWAY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS' UNION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

VOL. XXXI, No. 20.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, TUESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1941

FOUR PAGES

Tea In Aid Of War Effort Friday Afternoon

Dr. Woolley Captures High Honors

Ex-Student Awarded \$1,000 American Chemistry Prize For Scientific Investigations

Won Degree at This University in 1935 at the Age of Nineteen

IS BLIND

Has Published Forty Research Papers—Investigated Pellagra Causes, Panthogenic Acid, and Vitamin B2 Complex

Once Upon a Time . . .

By Mary Barbara Mason

Père Noel is already far on his way to the north, and a new year has begun. What it will bring remains a mystery, but what news it has brought in former Gateway years is still on record. So doffing my crepe paper hat and dropping my horns (hangovers from New Year's Eve), yours truly began her weekly haunting of The Gateway files, searching for news squibs which satisfy her super-sense of the silly, sensible, sarcastic or such.

Did you know that the Varsity Skiing Club, one of the most successful "has beens" at the U. of A., used to stage weekly skiing hikes along the river? One, according to ancient Gateway chronicles, did not have to be an expert skier. Indeed, all one required was a burning hunger and the knowledge of the hot pups and coffee that waited at the end of the trail. It's amazing how far and how fast the amateurs went to satisfy their bread baskets.

Back to her alma mater this week comes Margaret Kinney, one whose name stands in U. of A. Hall of Fame. In every generation of students there are a few who leave their mark on the University. Margaret is one of these. She played basketball with the world famous Grads, touring Europe with them in 1930. While at Varsity, track, senior basketball and the presidency of the Wauneita Society all claimed her attention. Her primary interest, however, was the S.C.M., and she is one of the few graduates who have acquired the exact position of their dreams. This year Margaret returns to U. of A. as Associate General Secretary of the S.C.M. of Canada. Welcome home, Marg Kinney.

"If the history of mankind is any criterion, the road we must travel is arduous, and short-cuts may turn out to be the longest way of all." These were the words of Dr. Wallace, former U. of A. president, spoken in 1935. Gazing through gone-by Gateways, his sentence caught my attention—"short-cuts may turn out to be the longest way of all." This was no mere striking phrase, but a prophecy for the years 1938 and 1939.

"The Calico Cat" was for years THE column in The Gateway. Outside of Casserole, it was the most read thing on the campus. One bit quoted by this cotton kitty related to a dear aristocratic old lady and her faithful walk in the park. During said excursion she was delighted to see the children playing a game she herself had played many long years ago. Horror indeed registered on her face as she heard the children singing, not "One, two, three, a leary," "the way I heard it," but "Sally Rand . . ."—I guess I won't tell you, but it was awfully cute.

This was truly a pun of the worst order when it appeared in a 1935 Gateway. Under the title, "We maxin, you read 'em" (ha, ha, I'll bet you didn't get it!) appeared these choice phrases: "Don't burn your britches behind you!"—you don't like that? Well, try this: "He who laughs last laughs best—but soon gets a reputation for being dumb!"

1931! That was the year initiation died an unnatural death mourned by almost every student at U. of A. Mary's the time I've watched the poor Freshettes making gruesome faces as they gulped down whole tablespoons of castor oil—just a bit of the old oil, you know. Peculiar indeed was the scene created yearly by the Freshmen class in pyjamas and bare feet as they naraded down 86th at 4 a.m. to do a bit of whitewashing. Came January, 1933, and a court order, and then days are gone forever—for better or for worse.

Once upon a time there were no such things as earmuffs. Five years ago the furry gaudy refugees from a radio set were unheard of. Today, rare indeed is the masculine (Continued on Page 4)

Army Supplies Come Steadily

Uniforms for the C.O.T.C. have nearly all been distributed. When the present supply has been exhausted, application is to be made for uniforms for the Auxiliary Battalion. It is necessary to deal with the units separately because of restricted space in stores.

For those who find the present four-hour week training period for the Auxiliary Battalion a burden, the following should be of interest. At the University of Toronto the battalion parades for two 2-hour periods a week as well as for a 3-hour period on Saturdays. At Queen's, the training periods total 11 hours per week. However, maybe they need it more down there.

Signal equipment arrived as expected during the holidays. This consists of communication equipment in the form of Fuller phones. Radio equipment also has not yet arrived. Specialized training for signals, as well as artillery, Meds and Engineers, will begin immediately. Separate examinations will be held some time in the spring.

Pharm Banquet On February 1

Pharmacy Club Banquet and Dance is scheduled to take place on Saturday, February 1, at the Macdonald Hotel. The executive, headed by President Bill Skelton, had arrangements under way on Jan. 6, when the invitations were sent out. Last year 150 persons attended, and since the affair is going to be even bigger and better this year, a larger number than ever before is expected.

Graduates living in Edmonton and many from outside the city will be present. Representatives from firms well-known in the drug business have been invited in order that they may establish friendly relations with the future druggists.

Pharmacy Club claims that this event is the most outstanding event of the year. Well, the proof of the cake is in the eating. Tickets are priced at \$3.00 per couple for non-members and \$2.50 for members.

Chem Club Plan Banquet Jan. 22

Chemistry Club Banquet will be held on Wednesday, January 22, at the Corona Hotel. President Doug McLeod and the executive have all arrangements well under way. All decorations will be made by members of the club. Tokens and favors will be given each guest.

Judging from the success of past banquets, this year's should be a very novel and successful affair. Tickets are priced at \$1.00 per person, and only club members will be allowed to attend.

usually require. His faith and his striving have been directly influenced by his church.

U. of A. has had many famous sons, but as long as chemistry continues the name of Dr. Wayne Woolley will live on. For this reason we, the students of this institution, join together to respect and congratulate him.

Engaged in research in the fields of Medieval and Renaissance Literature, Professor F. M. Salter of the English Department here was recently interviewed by The Gateway in that connection.

While at the moment the press of academic duties prohibited the progress of his major researches, except for what the professor termed "a little dictionary job," he reported on several investigations he had undertaken in England some time ago. Dr. Salter, in conjunction with a young Welsh co-worker, Dr. H. L. R. Edwards, prepared for publication an edition of John Skelton's "Diodorus Siculus." This was to have been published by the Early English Text Society, but the edition is still pending, as the society was forced to suspend operations because of the war.

"Diodorus the Sicilian, who flourished in the First Century B.C., wrote an elaborate history of the world in forty books, of which only Books I-V and XI-XX have been preserved in their entirety," the investigator explained. The first five books were translated from the Greek of Diodorus into Latin in 1449 by Poggio Bracciolini, a brilliant and distinguished Florentine, who was secretary to the Papal Curia. "Now

Life in Axis Nations Subject At French Club

Horace Jacobs to Talk From Personal Experiences in Germany, Italy

THURSDAY AFTERNOON

"Aux Pays des Dictateurs" will be the subject on which Mr. Horace Jacobs will speak to the French Club next Thursday afternoon. This is the first meeting of the club after the New Year. It will be held in Athabaska Lounge at 4:15 p.m.

Mr. Jacobs is a new member of the staff of the Department of Modern Languages. He returned last October from Europe, where he studied and travelled extensively. His travels took him to most of the western European countries, including France, Germany, Italy and Sweden. His first-hand experiences make him well qualified to compare the mode of living in the democracies with that of the dictator nations. He proposes to discuss everyday life as it was in France, Germany and Italy, and to point out the essential characteristics of the way of living in the latter two countries.

S.C.M. National Secretary Visits U. of A. Campus

Miss Margaret Kinney, National Associate Secretary of the Student Christian Movement, is visiting the Alberta campus this week and next. Miss Kinney is a graduate of the University of Alberta, and has many friends in the University and in the city.

There will be a conference of all interested students on this campus on Saturday and Sunday, January 11 and 12, with the help of Miss Kinney and other campus leaders. Please watch the bulletin boards and the next Gateway for further details.

In addition, she will attend a Fire-side on Thursday, January 16th, and other meetings of the graduates and senior friends of the Movement. Miss Kinney will be in the S.C.M. office, 152 Arts Building, to meet any who wish to chat with her from time to time. She will leave on Monday, January 13th, to visit other units of the National Movement in universities west of Toronto.

NOTICE

SNAPSHOT COMPETITION

Snapshots may now be entered in the Evergreen and Gold competition. Prints with description on back may be deposited in the Year Book box at the post office. Three prizes of free Year Books or their monetary equivalent are offered. All clear prints will be printed in the Year Book regardless of merit, so everyone send in as many pictures as possible.

A committee in charge of decorations has been named. The theme to be used in the decoration of the hall is to be left to this committee.

In charge of plans for the big dance are the members of the executive of the Engineers' Club. The executive is composed of Charles Stollery, president; M. Smith, L. Creighton, R. Inkpen, B. Anderson and R. Harris.

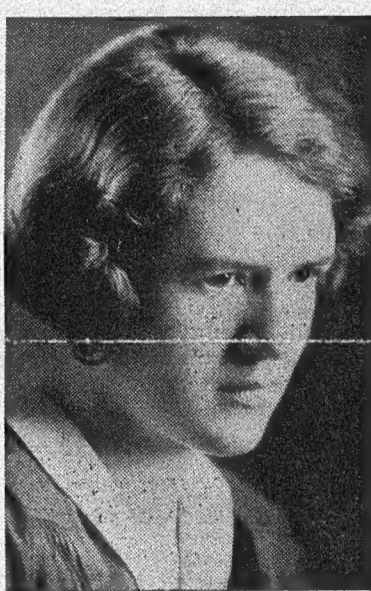
We'll be seeing you—Engineers!

CONVENES TEA



Mary Lawson, House Ec student and chairman of the committee appointed by the Wauneita War Workers, to arrange their first War Tea. The tea will be held in Convocation Hall on Friday at 3:30 p.m.

VISITOR



Miss Margaret Kinney, National Associate Secretary of the Student Christian Movement, who is a visitor on our campus. She is a graduate of this University.

Engineers' Ball Slated Jan. 24

On the evening of Friday, January 24th, the Engineers will hold their annual ball in Athabaska Hall. For many years this has proven to be an important event in the social calendar, and this year it promises to be bigger and better than ever.

A committee in charge of decorations has been named. The theme to be used in the decoration of the hall is to be left to this committee.

In charge of plans for the big dance are the members of the executive of the Engineers' Club. The executive is composed of Charles Stollery, president; M. Smith, L. Creighton, R. Inkpen, B. Anderson and R. Harris.

We'll be seeing you—Engineers!

WWW's Invite Male Students To Attend; Convocation Hall Between 3:30 and 6:00 P.M.

Mrs. J. C. Bowen to be Guest of Honor—Mrs. William Aberhart, Mrs. W. A. R. Kerr to Pour Tea

UNIVERSITY CLUBS LEND SUPPORT

Time Moved Ahead Half-hour in Order that C.O.T.C. Men May Attend

An opportunity to greet your old friends and meet new ones will be afforded you by the Wauneita War Workers when they hold their W.W.W. tea in Convocation Hall on Friday, January 10. The time is from 3:30 to 6:00. Male students as well as co-eds are invited to attend.

This is the first tea of its kind since the last year, and the executive expects a large number of students to turn out. All arrangements are being made by girls active in war work. Proceeds will be used to further their activities.

Mrs. J. C. Bowen, wife of the Lieutenant-Governor, is to be the guest of honor. Receiving the guests will be Mrs. W. A. R. Kerr, Miss Grace Duggan of the Household Economics Department, Mary Lawson, Chairman of the W.W.W. executive, Isabel Howson, Vice-president of the Students' Council, and Nellie Coyle, the Wauneita President. Several clubs, among them the Faculty Women's Club, the Alumni of the Wauneita Society, the University Women's Club, and the University Hospital Auxiliary, have kindly consented to lend their patronage to the affair.

Mrs. William Aberhart, wife of the premier, and Mrs. W. A. R. Kerr, wife of the President of the University, have been invited to pour tea for the first hour. Others pouring will be Mrs. Ernest W. Sheldon, Miss Mabel Patrick, Warden of Pembina Hall, Mrs. R. J. Russel, Mrs. H. C. Newland, Mrs. Ruth Bowen, Miss Eager and Mrs. Roderick T. Washburn.

The Faculty Women's Club is going to have a Home Cooking booth, a rare chance for campus people to remind themselves of "home" by purchasing thereof. Although the tea was officially scheduled from 4 to 6 p.m., tea will be served at 3:30 for those men who are in the C.O.T.C.

Part of the proceeds will be used to buy more wool and material for the co-eds to use in furthering their New Year resolution, "One garment per girl per month." That the War Workers' efforts are being appreciated has been illustrated by a cablegram recently received from overseas thanking the girls for the Christmas cakes which they sent to former members of the University now serving overseas.

"Ports of Call," S. C. M. Dance To Be Nautical

Balmy breezes of the ocean will oust the wintry winds of the prairies for a few hours on Friday evening, January 10th, at Acadia Hall, when the S.C.M. opens its 1941 program with a Nautical Dance and party. "Ports of Call" has been chosen as the theme, and the cruise will include calls at ports all over the world. The anchors will be weighed at 8:00 p.m., and from then until the "All ashore" signal about midnight, the dancers will be wafted hither and yon, visiting countries they have never seen before, nor perhaps never will. They will be given the opportunity of joining in pow-wows in the Americas, rumbas near the equator, minuets in France and other dances that are as strange as they are new. Al McKenzie and his "Dansocrats" will provide the music on deck. The program they have chosen promises to give plenty of scope for variety and enjoyment.

Committee has decreed that all who wish may show their ingenuity and knowledge of international travel by costuming themselves to represent the country of their choice. So don't be surprised when you go aboard and find yourself among a motley crew.

Refreshments are to be served from the galley, and dancers are assured that the party will be tops from beginning to end. For those who have always wanted to travel, and especially those who enjoy the sea, this is the first and best opportunity of the New Year. The Excursion Round Trip tickets go on sale immediately at thirty-five cents per reservation.

NOTICE

Swimming starts again on Wednesday, Jan. 6. New members are welcome. There are still two months of swimming. Men swim at Y.M.C.A., 8:15-10:00, and women at Y.W.C.A., 8:15-10:00. Women must have health certificates.

Polka Featured At Faculty Dance New Year's Eve

Twelve Students Invade Upper Circle

LAMBERTSON PLAYS

From coast to coast New Year's Eve is an evening for celebration, and the Faculty Ball in Athabaska Hall was no exception. Soft-colored lights and sweet music combined to make this most formal of formals a success, especially for us young things for whom the Faculty Ball was, to say the least, a new experience. Imagine twelve poor, innocent U. of A.ers surrounded by professors—"professors to the right of us, professors to the left of us, on into Athabaska Hall danced the six couples" (with apologies to Mr. Kipling).

Chet Lambertson has never played such music, all the soft waltzes and fast fox-trots that go to make up a wonderful evening dancing. The hit of the evening was, strange to say, the Heel Toe Polka. Imagine the professors, no matter what faculty they belong to—Engineering, English or even the Chemistry Department—whistling the polka and whipping around like they did 'way back when . . . they were very young.

Twelve o'clock, the hour when all class distinctions are put aside, caused quite a sensation. The dignity and seriousness of the affair suddenly dissolved into thin air as the entire group chained together to sing Auld Lang Syne. Professor and student sang lustily, and no matter what the intellectual status, all united in "Happy New Year everybody. May 1941 bring peace for one and all."

It was a really gay evening for us. Balloons, hats and noise-makers added to the general hilarity of New Year's Eve, 1940, and everything combined to make this one of the most notable evenings of collegiate life. The Faculty Ball is definitely a must for every co-ed's social calendar.

Newton Addresses Philosophers Wednes.

Dean Robert Newton, of the Faculty of Agriculture, will address the fourth meeting of the University Philosophical Society to be held tomorrow evening in the west amphitheatre of the Medical Building. Subject of the Dean's paper is "The National Research Council: A Public Institution."

Various aspects of the work of the National Research Council in Ottawa will be related by Dean Newton, whose several years' experience serving on the Council gave him a thorough insight into the organization. He returned to this University at the beginning of the current session to fill the post left vacant by the death of E. A. Howes.

The meeting will begin promptly at 8:15, admission for non-members of the society being 25c.



Wednesday—Philosophical Society, "The National Research Council: A Natural Resource," by Dean Robert Newton, Room 142 Med, 8:15 p.m.

Thursday—French Club, Athabaska Lounge, 4:15 p.m.

Friday—W.W.W. Tea, Convocation Hall, 3:30 to 6:00 p.m. S.C.M., Acadia Hall, 8 p.m.

THE GATEWAY



Published each Tuesday and Friday throughout the College Year under authority of the Students' Union of the University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta.

Member Canadian University Press

Advertising rates may be had upon request to the Advertising Manager of The Gateway, Room 151 Arts Building, University of Alberta. Subscription rates: \$2.00 per year in the United States and Canada.

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Editor's Note: The following editorial is written by Don Carlson, Editor-in-Chief of The Gateway last year.

It is almost a year now since I sat down to write an editorial for The Gateway. A year packed with more events perhaps than year before it in all history; and a job I always used to look forward to twice a week when I was the Charles F. Dana of The Gateway office.

I still read The Gateway with the same tortuous compulsion which used to make me discontented until I had scoured the last ad on the last page. I read with amusement the same old letters to the editor from the same old cranks—the critics of The Gateway itself, the conscientious objectors (cursed offal) and their erudite Charlie McCarthy's, and finally those sophomoric scholars who learnedly propound Utopian projects of a new "peace settlement."

And that brings me to the point I want to make in this my visit to the editorial page of The Gateway. I said I read these voluntary contributions to the editor's mail box with amusement. I like to think (and I believe I'm right in doing so) that the tremendous events of the past year have done something to you here on this campus, something possibly unnoticed by yourselves, but vividly apparent to one who comes back for a few days.

It might be sufficient to talk about your friends who are now overseas in the front lines; of other friends who are still in Canada preparing to follow the vanguard; of the war relief funds, the bomber funds, and the thousand and one other similar activities with which you are busy.

But I hardly think the same deep consciousness of those things exists among you as of other events of far heavier impact. I do know that the stories of Dunkirk, and Oran, and Bardia have left impressions among you; that the gallantry of the Greeks fighting in the snowy mountain passes of their own country and Albania, the brilliance of Wavell of the Nile have created a nebulous something among you which these other things could never have created. I know that the terrible tragedy of France and the equally glorious defence of Britain have electrified your community here on this wind-swept bank of the Saskatchewan as nothing before has ever done.

I wanted very much to write an editorial on these events which have come and gone since last I had a chat with you. I wanted to outline them for you and try to summarize the significance of them. Every newsman, unfortunately, always wants to do a thing like that. He forgets that a dozen others have done the job before him, and much better than he could have done. So I eased my irrepressible lust for analyses of international affairs by recalling what Beverly Baxter said when he refused to write his version of the last war: "This war has been described better than I could by many who were there. It has been described even better than that by those who weren't there."

So I leave the story of the Battle of Britain to the Cockney of bomb-gutted East London, the story of Egypt to the tanned Imperial and the wiry Australian, the story of Greece to the Greek who is making that story. (It's strange, isn't it, how modest one becomes after a year's absence from the University?)

I do want to give you the three things which I believe we have all learned from these events, things which probably will explain to you what I meant when I mentioned earlier in this editorial "a strange something" which seems to have been born among you. The smashing of France and the Low Countries taught us that we pay to learn. In a hospital in one of the counties of England, a score of R.A.F. pilots sit from dawn to dusk staring at nothing, saying nothing. They are physically fit, but mentally unfit. They are literally burned out. They were the men who flew during those last hectic days when the Third Republic was collapsing from its own rottenness and the force of German armed might, when the threat of invasion was at its height. They flew eighteen,

CASSEROLE



His Viewpoint

"There goes a fellow who seems to take the worst possible view of everything."

"A pessimist, eh?"

"No, he's a candid camera fiend."

Versatile Cows There

Roadside sign: By order of the district board, cows grazing by the roadside or riding bicycles on the sidewalk is hereby forbidden in this area.

Sounds Promising

"What are the young man's intentions?"

"Well, he's been keeping me pretty much in the dark."

This Changing World

"Any fashions in the paper, papa?"

"Yes, but they are of no use to you, dear. It's yesterday's paper."

Wasted Effort

"Darling, I'm sorry I've been so mean to you lately."

"Well, this is a fine time to be sorry. I'm dead broke."

Playing Safe

"Can't you see the sign 'No Smoking'?"

"Sure, mate, that's plain enough. But there are so many dippy signs here. One says, 'Wear Nemo Corsets'. So I ain't payin' attention to any of them."

Tears or Tiers?

"I wish I could think up a big, strong situation that would fill the audience with tears."

"I'm looking for one that will fill the tiers with audience."

The Egg Trick

The young woman from the college was explaining: "Take an egg," she said, "and make a perforation in the base with some suitable pointed instrument, and a corresponding one in the apex. Then, by applying the lips to one aperture and forcibly exhaling the breath, discharge the shell of its contents."

"Well, well," said the farmer's wife, who was listening; "it beats all how folks do things nowadays. When I was a girl, we just made a hole in each end and blew."

One Smart Girl

"I've a friend I'd like you girls to meet."

Athletic Girl—"What can he do?"

Chorus Girl—"How much has he?"

Literary Girls—"What does he read?"

Society Girl—"Who are his family?"

Religious Girl—"What church does he belong to?"

College Girl—"Where is he?"

Twenty, twenty-two hours a day, came down to suck in a few hours of sleep, then back in the air again. They saved Britain, but gave themselves. We must pay to learn.

The second lesson I think we have got is that we must have faith and hope. That is what Hitler is trying to smash when he sends his murder-bombers over England every night. If he could do that he'd win the war. But the smoking ruins of Coventry and the gaunt, twisted skeleton of the Guildhall stark against the scarred skyline of London haven't destroyed faith and hope in the people. That is the lesson of victory they have taught us—we must have faith and hope.

Finally, we have learned that nothing is impossible; and that, I believe, is the most important lesson of the three. Why? Because that was the lesson of Dunkirk, and the Nile, and Ionnania when the Greeks turned the tide of Italian might. Churchill told us he had nothing to offer but sweat and toil and blood. What he meant was that nothing is impossible. France didn't believe that and it backfired on that once proud ally of ours. If we remember that lesson and believe it, nothing will be impossible.

That is why I tell you—don't get excited when these erudite imbeciles begin their rantings, "I can serve my country the best way I want to," or when the scholars outline their amazing projects for a world of Utopia where peace will be maintained without effort, or sweat, or toil, or blood!

Finally, don't bother too much about these chaps who annually submit plans for a better Gateway. If they really wanted to change your paper, they'd start in as reporters, and sweat journalistic blood till they got to the editorial chair. Your Gateway makes its blunders, and it's hardly ever proofread, and it's pretty crude sometimes. But it's your paper, and it does the trick. And it keeps me in touch with the grandest people in the world (that's you), which, after all, for me, is the most important thing.

You learn your lessons from what goes on in the world around you, and you each learn a different lesson from the same event. You don't learn lessons from big boys who still wear short pants. The milk they drink won't do you any good, even when they offer you a squirt. What you want is the honest-to-goodness hard stuff the world hands out. That's what will grow hairs of adult reason on your spiritual busts.

The Books They Write
A Review of "Fame is the Spur"

By James S. Woods

Howard Spring, the author of My Son, My Son! again challenges the minds of readers with his new novel, Fame is the Spur. The story is that of Hamer Shawcross, an ambitious man who rises out of poverty to become, through perseverance and determination, a cabinet minister. The book encompasses the last half century of English political history and portrays the birth and struggles of the Labour Party. Readers are shown how men like Gladstone, Joseph Chamberlain, Kier Hardie and Ramsay MacDonald affected the thought of their day. We witness the horrid scenes enacted throughout the suffragette period in which Hamer's wife Ann played such a vital part. Also shown to us is the pathetic condition of the Welsh miners, the misery and disillusionment after the war of 1914-1918, the struggle between the landed aristocracy and the labouring class. In such a background do Hamer, Ann and all the characters have their being.

Realism is the most outstanding point about Fame is the Spur. All the characters, situations and incidents are not only possible, but are extremely probable. All of us have met people like Arnold Ryerson, Hamer's patient friend, people like Pen Muff, Arnold's energetic little wife. We all know the eccentric characters of old Lord Lostwithiel, who objects to radicalism so strongly and Lady Lettice Melland, his charming daughter-in-law. It is this knowing-of-the-characters-mess that makes the novel so appealing. In spite of its realism, the book is not one which can be taken lightly. The central figure, Hamer Shawcross, is somewhat symbolical. In following his career the reader must be continually on the alert. Hamer presents a study in humanity. To lose oneself in his character is to experience life, the dreams of boyhood, the disillusionment and aspirations of youth, the steadfastness of middle-age and the mellow understanding of an old man who has lived life to its greatest joy and its bitterest tear.

You may not like Hamer Shawcross, but you must accept him as real. In him are all those vices and virtues which make up the ordinary man, but Howard Spring has taken these and magnified them, brought them out clearly outlined against a background of strife and struggle. Ann, understanding, patient and charming, is a marked contrast to Hamer. She is the spiritual factor, and her fortitude and inner strength cleanses us where Hamer's rash actions and fiery utterances confound. She dies in this story, and in so doing brings Hamer to realize how ill has been his conception of life. He sees his folly at chasing the ghosts and spirits, fame-flung from the sling of history, which egg a man on to accomplish great things. As his war-shriven friend, Dr. Horst, said during Ann's last few hours on earth, "Where now are our dreams?"

What a pageant of history Howard Spring gives us as we follow Hamer, Ann, Pen Muff, old Liz, Tom Hannaway and the many other characters. Conjured up for us are labour strikes, a mine explosion in Cwmduai, the triumph of the Labour Party, its fall, the banquets of the nobility, the civil war in Spain, the Coronation of George VI, and the present catastrophe.

There is so much in Fame is the Spur that it is a difficult book to review. It is packed with history, human love and hate, intrigues and character study. The author pre-

passing anything of its kind that has been written in the past few years. Before leaving it, there is one more character who deserves mention.

Ap Rhondda, the bard of Cwmduai. We see Ap for only a few pages, but he leaves a deep and lasting impression on us. A poor Welsh miner, Ap is renowned throughout Wales as a great bard. One day, the day after Arnold Ryerson and Pen Muff were married, he goes into the mine with his pony, Hughie Price Hughes, and is killed in an explosion. He is killed, but he does not die. Much later in the story Hamer's daughter-in-law Alice, prior to selling Ap's home, comes across an old exercise book filled with Ap Rhondda's songs. Not realizing what it is, she burns it.

"Where now are our dreams?"

Answer This Campus Quiz

How well do the students of Alberta know their campus and the people on it? The idea came out of one of those bull sessions that make The Gateway office a notorious rendezvous. Someone asked someone else where a certain lab was. This party didn't know. That started the ball rolling. Questions popped thick and fast. The answers weren't so good for Gateway men who are supposed to know who is who and where is what. To find out if the ailment was general, a set of questions was prepared, and a reporter promptly sailed out to nab a few unsuspecting victims.

Four o'clock in the afternoon is supposed to be the period of lowest resistance. The mind, too, tends to be sluggish. Perhaps that may explain the results. Here they are. What would your score be?

1. Where is the North Lab and whose headquarters is it?—Six got this one. North Lab is west and north of the Arts building. Miners and Aggies hold forth from here. Two Frosh missed, including an Engineer.

2. What is the official number of The Gateway Office?—It's an injustice, but only three out of ten scored on this one. Frosh, Sophs and Juniors did not recognize Room 151 Arts. Seniors apparently have at last found out the hole in the wall.

3. Where are Senate chambers and who uses them?—Only one missed this one. Senate chambers are on the second floor Arts. Both the Senate and Board of Governors use it for their meetings.

4. Where is the sundial presented by the Class of '30?—Apparently many students have noticed this work of art. Juniors and Sophs may not know that it is on the south side of Arts.

5. Where is the Junior lab library?—Lawyers may be perturbed, but only three students know about 239 Arts. All classes missed on this one, though the Seniors were not too bad.

6. What is the smallest lecture room in the University?—No one got this one. As far as we can make out, Arts 146 claims this distinction. It is used by the Physics Department.

7. To what use has the elevator shaft in Arts Building been put?—There is an elevator shaft, by the way. It is by the left steps in the Arts rotunda. Only two, a Frosh and a Senior, apparently know of its existence. The Physics Department use it for pendulum experiments and such like.

8. Where is the Psych lab?—Psych courses are supposed to be popular, but the poll must have struck the wrong students. If your answer is north-west corner, second floor Arts, you are one up on the quiz. Three got this one.

9. Where is the Edmonton cenotaph?—For variety this one was thrown in. Nine got it. A solitary Junior apparently does not get around. Task, task. The answer, of course, is angle of 102nd street and 100th avenue.

10. Who is the Chancellor of the University?—Graduating students seem to be the ones who know that the Hon. A. C. Rutherford presents

How to Capture A Hoola Baby!

In English Bay there is a kind of animal called a hoola baby. They are, it seems, noted for something or other, perhaps edibility and perhaps not. To catch a hoola baby it is necessary to have an old-fashioned round bath tub, two spoons, one small and the other not small, two spikes from railroad ties I guess, a piece of string, and a bright shiny nickle. Oh yes, and an old shoe.

The method of procedure for the capture of the hoola baby is simple, and is based on Newton's Laws of Nature, and some others which have since been derived from various unknown sources.

1. Row out into English Bay after launching the bath tub, by manipulating the large spoon something along the lines that are employed in rowing a boat.

2. When the spot at which the hoola babies are most plentiful is reached, drop anchor. This is done by driving one of the large spikes into the bottom of the boat, thus ensuring safety and preventing any drifting.

3. It is now necessary to dig into English Bay, and this we do with the smaller spoon mentioned above. It will not take very long to dig a tunnel deep enough to reach the depth which the hoola babies frequent.

4. The piece of string is attached to the bright nickle and is lowered into the excavation. It twinkles and shines and glimmers, etc. The hoola babies come rushing madly toward the lure, and fall into the hole.

5. Reach down into the hole and raise the babies into the bath tub. Keep on doing this until the tub is full.

6. Pull up the string and save for the next catch. Be sure to replace the surf, so no boats will fall in.

7. You are now ready to leave. Weigh anchor by pounding the spike up from the bottom by means of the old shoe. You are in a fix. The water rushes in, so:

8. You punch a hole in the bottom of the tub with the other spike to let the water out. To be sure that all the water leaves, make another hole with the first spike. You now have two holes through which the water can leave, and therefore you are in no danger of being swamped.

9. Take your big spoon and row back to shore, where it will probably be necessary to unload your catch of hoola babies.

One of the Princeton neighbors of Alberta Einstein has an eight-year-old daughter who visited the famed scientist every afternoon. After many weeks of these daily visits, the girl's mother finally went to see Dr. Einstein and apologized to him for her daughter's constant interruptions.

"Oh, not at all," Tinstein assured her. "I enjoy her visits and we get along very well."

"But what can you and an eight-year-old girl have in common?" "A great deal," Einstein explained. "I love the jelly beans she brings me—and she loves the way I do her arithmetic lessons."—Leonard Lyons in N.Y. Post.

"How do you know your daughter trusts in God?"

"By the company she keeps."



"I sure gave the boss a piece of my mind."

"You'd get further if you gave him Sweet Caps."

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Programs for Week of Jan. 5th-Jan. 11th

Wednesday, January 8—

11:30—Music and Program resume.
11:45—News, CBC.
12:00—Musical Medley.
12:30—Farm Broadcast, CBC.
1:00—Waltzes New and Old.
1:15—The Livestock Year in Retrospect. J. P. Sackville. CKUA-CJCL.

1:30—Masters of the Piano.
2:00—Presenting, CBC.

2:15—School Broadcast: Elementary Singing. CJOC-CFCN-CKUA.

2:45—January Sales, CBC.

5:30—Serenade for Strings, CBC.

5:55—Commentary on the News, CBC.

6:00—Adventure Bound with Dick.

6:15—Dinner Music.

6:30—Symphony Hour—Tone Poems and Shorter Works.

7:30—Challenge to Youth, CBC.

8:00—News, CBC.

Thursday, January 9—

11:30—Music and program resume.

11:45—News, CBC.

12:00—Musical Medley.

12:30—Farm Broadcast, CBC.

1:00—Familiar Tunes.

1:15—Where Do Forage Crops Stand in Your Programme? J. R. Fryer. CKUA-CJCL.

1:30—Your Home and You, CKUA-CJCL.

2:00—School Broadcast: Social Studies.

2:15—Music: Violin Virtuosi.

2:45—Home Nursing, CBC.

5:30—They Shall Not Pass, CBC.

5:55—Commentary on the News, CBC.

6:00—Dinner Music.

6:30—Symphony Hour: Master Works.

7:30—Familiar Varieties.

8:00—News, CBC.

Friday, January 10—

11:30—Music and program resume.

11:45—News, CBC.

12:00—Musical Medley.

12:30—Farm Broadcast, CBC.

1:00—Familiar Tunes.

1:15—Where Do Forage Crops Stand in Your Programme? J. R. Fryer. CKUA-CJCL.

1:30—Your Home and You, CKUA-CJCL.

2:00—School Broadcast: Music Appreciation. CFCN-CKUA.

2:15—Music.

2:45—Belton in Australasia, CBC.

5:30—Toronto Symphony Band, CBC.

5:55—Commentary on the News, CBC.

6:00—Music.

6:15—Song Recital, Ian Docherty.

6:30—Symphony Hour: Requests.

7:30—Familiar Varieties.

8:00—News, CBC.

Saturday, January 11—

11:30—Music and program resume.

11:45—News, CBC.

12:00—Metropolitan Opera, CBC.

Cautious and original was the book edited by the Students' Aid of Vassar, girls college in the States, titled "What Every Young Lady Should No."

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CINEMA SYNOPSIS

By CORWIN PINE

Toward the end of January the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences will give out its "Oscars" for 1940, and all through the month there will be other less important judgments on the merits of the film year just past, such as the Exhibitors' Poll, the Critics' Award, and the selections of the National Board of Review. My choices of the ten best pictures and performances of 1940 will undoubtedly have no effect whatsoever on the decisions of these distinguished authorities, but may perhaps be useful in recalling to you some of your more recent memorable moments in the cinema. These, then, are the films which satisfied me most during the first year of a new movie decade. They are not listed in any order of preference:

1. "The Grapes of Wrath"—Saga of the Dust Bowl refugees and their reception in the promised land, filmed with authentic dirt, squalor and bitterness, and yet with such pity and compassion that the picture becomes an indictment of American society at once touching and ruthless. Most compelling sequence: the scene at the lunch stand where Pa Joad buys bread and candy for the children. ("The Grapes of Wrath" is my personal choice as the finest specimen of cinematic art for 1940.)

2. "Rebecca"—In a year noted for screen translation of popular novels, Alfred Hitchcock's eerie treatment of the novel by Daphne du Maurier pathologically thriller takes top honors. Judicious cutting would have improved it considerably, but the taut mood of the piece is admirably sustained, and it builds to a remarkable climax in the lonely beach house when the young bride induces her tortured and unhappy husband to confide in her. The situations leading to the murder, while much tamer than in the novel, nevertheless set a new screen standard for pornographic frankness. Maybe the Hays office just didn't understand why the first Mrs. de Winter was neurotic. At any rate, "Rebecca" escaped censorship restrictions to become adult cinema fare of the highest order.

3. "Our Town"—A departure from the customary movie diet, too mature to be popular with the general public, but a rare treat for discriminating theatre-goers. Some years ago Sinclair Lewis wrote a shrewd and biting satire called "Main Street." Since that time, it has been the fashion to sneer at the conventions and hypocrisies of small towns. Thornton Wilder views "Our Town" with rose-colored glasses, but his portrait is just as accurate, in its way. Many middle-aged people will regard the youthful love affair of George and Emily through a mist of sentimental memories, forgetting the mean and spiteful things of which Mr. Lewis the reformer is anxious to remind them. "Romantic notions of the past are a sign of decadence," they will be told by energetic and forceful leaders, but the more thoughtful of them will have the courage to reply: "We were often quite happy in the past. Why, then, should we not remember it with nostalgia, since the present is not pleasant to contemplate, and we dare not look into the future?"

4. "The Biscuit Eater"—A little B picture which crept up unawares on critics and public alike, and by reason of its quiet charm and tenderness won them both over completely. The entire naturalness of the two small boys gives sweetness and dignity to simple situations, and the whole is blessed with unhurried, sympathetic direction and lovely plantation scenery. Billy Lee brings to his part the funny, sad spirit of childhood in a measure which has not been equaled since Freddie Bartholomew played David Copperfield. You may not have heard much about this picture, but if you love boys and dogs, see it the next time it plays a neighborhood theatre. If you are too sophisticated for that sort of thing, try it anyway; it may go part way toward making you as decent again as you probably were at eight years old.

5. "The Mortal Storm"—Phyllis Bottome's great book becomes the most rational and persuasive of the year's crop of anti-Nazi films. Most of the time it is a measure of abuse. "The Mortal Storm" goes deeper. It shows the gradual growth of the ideology and the ways in which it grips the minds of the young men of Germany. Then, too, besides demonstrating the horrors which can be perpetrated by such discipline and mass thinking, it reminds us of something which we too often tend to forget at present, that there are many sane and normal folk still left in Germany (albeit helpless), who hate and despise the degenerate new cult and all its adherents. If it were not anti-climatic, "The Mortal Storm" would be the best picture of the year and one of the select few films destined for immortality.

6. "The Great McGinty"—This first effort of the new author-director, Preston Sturges, is a canny, powerful exposé of American politics. It is exaggerated for humor and for emphasis, but not much, and it is no more crude or melodramatic than its subject. In it you will find one of the screen's most adept character actors, Brian Donlevy, giving his best performance to date, and English Muriel Angelus shading the part of his secretary-wife with sympathy and subtle under-playing. "The Great McGinty" is a fine, rowdy, thought-provoking show, and a triumphant debut for Mr. Sturges.

7. "Vigil in the Night"—Dr. Cronin's tale of the trials and tribulations of nurses is less successful than "The Citadel," but is still a sincere, serious picture, leaving a greater impression than many more pretentious productions. The chief character is a little too perfect to be true, but that is the fault of the book, and not of Carole Lombard, who further enhances her new reputation as one of our most gifted dramatic actresses. This film con-

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THE FUTURE

Of this I am sure, that if we open a quarrel between the past and the present, we shall find that we have lost the future.—Winston Churchill.

The day may come when Americans may be forced to choose what they want to keep: Liberty Bell or the independence for which it sounds; Lexington and Concord or the ideals which were defended there.—W. F. Russell, Teachers' College, Columbia.

The new World War does not impose, and probably will not impose, upon any part of the people of the United States that condition of common personal danger which is one of the factors operating most effectively for the diminution of privilege in Great Britain.—B. K. Sandwell.

But we can read between the lines that the life of England goes on, changing only as it is transformed by a more passionate love of liberty.—New York Times.

In the great debate on war aims some publicists have, then, played a curious part. For it is their thesis that to preserve an appropriate detachment above the battle they must apportion praise and blame in equal measure; that as between right on the one hand and wrong on the other, they should manifest a fine impartiality; that the integrity of the judge is to be maintained by pronouncing no final judgment at all. Along that road lies not only moral cowardice, but the abdication of reason itself.—Lionel Gelber in "War for Power and Power for Peace" (an Oxford Pamphlet on World Affairs).

We can say if we like that our motive in fighting Hitler is simply the desire to get the wasp out of the jam. Or, with Euripides: What then is Wisdom? What of man's endeavor? To stand from Fear set free, to breathe and wait. To hold a hand uplifted over Hate. And shall not loveliness be loved for ever?

—Edward Glover in "The Psychology of Fear and Courage" (a Penguin).

In sadder lands than ours Christmas is being observed. The candles shine in a great darkness—but they shine. Not this tempest of wrath, nor any storm to come will ever blow them out.—New York Times.

I said to a man who stood at the gate of the year, Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown. . . . His Majesty the King, quoting M. Louise Hoskins (formerly of Banff, Alberta).

"QUOTEUNQUOTE."

tains the most memorable sequence of the year, that in which Anne Shirley as the young, frightened nurse, saves the life of the child who is choking to death. Done completely without dialogue, the scene is tremendously effective, a masterpiece in screen tension.

8. "The Earl of Chicago"—Here Robert Montgomery escapes once again from type-casting as a bumbling, ingratiating juvenile, and does a part reminiscent of his startling work in "Night Must Fall" three years ago. His hero is a case for Freud: a cunning but ignorant gangster, with a brutal sense of humor, a tight, hard little giggle, and a pathological distaste for guns. The progress of this savage from self-satisfied omnipotence as a Chicago "boss" to spiritual regeneration on an English gallows involves a witty satire of British institutions as the screen has seen for many a day. Not a popular picture, "The Earl of Chicago" is practically a perfect example of its queer type.

9. "Foreign Correspondent"—Despite my personal dislike for its tacked-on message, is the most exciting picture of 1940, and another success for the redoubtable Hitchcock. I have already discussed it at some length in connection with "Arise, My Love," so I need only add that the excellence of Joel McCrea's casual playing should not be overlooked because of the splendid dramatic opportunities given to George Sanders, Herbert Marshall and Albert Basserman.

10. "Susan and God"—Rachel Crother's stage drama comes to the movies as a sharp and diverting comedy of manners. The Edmonton Little Theatre did an admirable production of this play last spring, and comparison with the cinema version is quite favorable. Many people found both play and picture rather sacrilegious, but "Susan and God" is really no more than an amiable piece of irony directed at religious cults in general and the Oxford Group in particular. Only sanctimonious hypocrites could possibly be offended at it for long.

The best performances of the year, naturally, come mainly from the best pictures.

1. Joan Crawford as Susan Trexel gives a brilliant and brittle interpretation of a brittle and none too brilliant woman.

2. Robert Montgomery's "Earl of Chicago" is a magnificent one-man show. His difficult characterization maintains a consistently uniform level, and is unquestionably the season's best purely histrionic display.

3. Wilfred Lawson as "Pastor Hall" gives the only honest portrayal in a picture which is far too shocking and not very well done. His performance, however, is vivid and detailed, and his speech in the church is an inspiration worth many times the price of admission.

4. Margaret Sullivan, who has yet to find a poor cinema role, does herself proud in "The Mortal Storm." The work of this accom-

Kitty Korner

By Secord Jackson

Today's column will be devoted entirely to the men. Or at least to the newest 1941 fashions for men on the Alberta campus. It seems that Ottawa has taken over the styling of men's apparel, and from there we have the very latest ensembles. The suits come in three sizes: too big, too small, and not at all. Also in three colors: khaki, khaki, and khaki. Also in three styles: full drop suits, full drop suits, and full drop suits. The coats are comparatively the same, except that they are beautifully adorned with brass buttons of a rather dull hue. The tunic itself is similar to a bell tent, whereas the great coats tend more to resemble a marquee.

All suits this year are draped becomingly from the shoulders, just above where the sleeves begin, and blouse gracefully to the waist, where they are pulled in smartly by a somewhat tight snap band. Those young men who have so far been lucky enough to obtain the newest of gents' costumes appreciate immensely the fact that no buttons appear in the jackets, nor on the trousers.

These trousers, or pants as they are sometimes called, hung, surprisingly, from the chest in most cases; and as a result are somewhat irritating to the armpits. They are held in place by means of an intricate and necessary bit of wearing apparel known as braces.

Everything for the comfort of the men who are to wear their clothes has been designed into these suits. The bottoms of the trousers have been equipped with bands and buttons, so that they can be easily fastened in cold weather to prevent wintry breezes from blowing up one's limbs. The usual cuffs have been removed from "les chemise," so that the boys may now have to use their pockets for ash trays.

To complete the ensemble, a ravishing new headgear has been introduced into men's fashions: nothing less than the "wedge cap," a tiny piece of khaki, khaki or khaki, which resembles—well, nothing on earth except perhaps a "wedge cap."

From a man in brown, who lives in town, comes this little ditty (plug). Name and address upon application:

"A khaki suit goes passing by. Boys, sporting the gladiest eye, Do wink a wink. The girls all heave a cog wee sigh. Looking down, not to the sky. Do they think, really think? They do not think of men in brown. Their thoughts they cast into the town To men in blue. To all you men who hear this song, Do not linger here for long. They do not think of you."

The daily patron at a Charleston, S.C., restaurant always has his coffee black. Bue he has an arrangement with the management whereby at the end of each month he gets a quart of cream free, to take home.—Neal O'Hara, in the N.Y. Post.

A visiting Englishman, after staring at Broadway's electric signs and listening to an impassioned account of the number of light bulbs and miles of wiring, remarked: "Quite, quite, old chap—but isn't the whole thing rather conspicuous."—Stewart Robertson, in The Family Circle.

plished actress has a simple, lyrical quality practically unique in pictures, and it is a welcome relief from the synthetic glamor and over-acting of many movie queens.

5. Pat O'Brien has found in "Knut Rockne" the perfect part which comes once in a lifetime to every first-rate Thespian. It is, I think, the Academy Award performance of the season. He deserves the statuette, too, for there is no more competent or likable actor, and it is the first completely worthwhile role he has been given since "Oil for the Lamps of China," in 1935.

6. Pressing him close for the top spot will be Frank Morgan, whose work as the old professor in "The Mortal Storm" is the year's finest tragic acting. Morgan should get more chances like this; his talents are too great for comedy.

7. Martha Scott's fresh and poignant playing in "Our Town" gives her a secure place among the first ten, and almost certain nomination for the Award.

8. The women's acting honors, however, should, and probably will go to Joan Fontaine, whose portrayal of the bewildered girl-wife in "Rebecca" is quite exquisite.

9. Brian Donlevy has a right to be up among the winners. Ever since his screen debut in "Barbary Coast," he has been a man to watch. His was the outstanding character bit of 1939 as the brutal sergeant in "Beau Geste." "The Great McGinty" makes him an important Hollywood personality.

10. Last on my list is Maureen O'Hara, who plays Sidney in the current filming of Clemence Dane's magnificent "Bill of Divorcement." It is an intensely emotional role, and to portray emotion effectively on the screen, an actress needs to use her face and voice, and not depend on dramatic gestures and hysterical declamation. Miss O'Hara gives an eloquent and restrained performance, yet manages to convey always the impression of inherent madness held in leash.

In Which The Whole Question Of "Eye-Rhymes" is Discussed

By Papyrus Cursor

The people that sat in darkness have seen a great light. It was recently my fortune, in the course of literary discussion, to encounter some new ideas concerning what are or are not rhymes. Seeing that the question related to English rhymes and rhyming, it is perhaps superfluous to add that the cited authorities on the matters were American.

One would naturally suppose a priori that the "English language" would be the speech of the English; but evidently this is not so. Apparently, when the Star of Empire westward took its way, the tongue that Shakespeare spoke, journeyed forth also (like Abraham "not knowing whither it went"); and Rhyme's noblest offering is its last. It rests with Columbia to decide what is or is not good English.

Although one cannot, of course, pretend to know of all that is going on, I am unable at the moment to recall a parallel. Do the Germans of Milwaukee, the Swedes of Minnesota, the Italians of Boston, the Jews of New York, or the Chinese of San Francisco similarly criticize the "bad" German, Swedish, Italian, Hebrew, or Mandarin of their respective homelands? The French of Quebec have more than one (I am being angered by contemptuous Parisian strictures on "patois"; but I believe they have never yet sought to insinuate by way of reprisal that theirs is the true Parisian. And I am informed that hablar Castilano is still the accepted standard in Spanish-American countries. But it seems that in Anglo-American linguistic relations another Pharaoh has arisen who knows not Joseph, and we do these things differently.

Things were brought to a head by the announcement from one of our company, citing impeccable (Columbian) authority, that such forms as "fair, share, bear, there, prayer, mayor, etc.," occurring in contributions under consideration, not being "eye-rhymes" were ipso facto not rhymes at all; and would on these grounds be in danger of rejection by American editorial censorship. This not unnaturally aroused my interest; since a composition of my own, contain the anguished variants "laws, wars, cause, abhor," had actually once been printed (in a non-Columbian publication, I ought to add) without the least comment or hint of doubt on this particular distinction.

We have no desire here to trench upon the sacred rights of editorial prerogative. We fully realize that if we submit an essay, on say, "Thomas à Kempis," or on "Relativity in its Relation to the Infinite," to the editor of Sloppy Stories, we must expect to conform to the requirements of sloppist policy in respect of the nuances of style or language which may or may not appear in its august pages. No well-regulated mind will quarrel with this. If Sloppy Stories demands that we spell Shakespeare with six s's and seven e's and we object to doing so, we have an alternative. Even war-time regulations, with all their restrictions of individual freedom, have not yet insisted that we must contribute to that publication, willingly. So far, Sloppy Stories is within its rights. But when its editor, or any other (Columbian) editor, proceeds to tell us that this or that not obviously ungrammatical expression, is not a rhyme or is not "good English"; to arrogate to himself that position which Johnson—a somewhat more competent, and native authority, moreover—declined to assume, at least at Lord Chesterfield's selection, that of Pope or Dictator of the English Language; then we feel inclined to ask like the Hebrew exile of old: "Who made thee a prince and a judge over us?"

The logical and critical objections to such usurped authority rest upon two major grounds; both indicative of an utter lack of any ordered method in its thinking processes; and one of them as unjust as it is illogical. Here, as in so many other provinces, the American may be a "sport"; but with rare exception, he is not a sportsman. He wants to eat his cake and have it. If the particular usage for which the Columbian champion is contending

chances to be found in Chaucer or Shakespeare, we are told with triumphant cacklings—"There! That's the real old English!"; of which the American, it seems, is a much more zealous and conscientious guardian than its so-called natural custodians and defenders. On the other hand, if it be the English form or sense that is still as it was in olden days, then in graver vein the English world is learnedly lectured on its obscurantist obtuseness, which fails to realize that language is a living entity, in a constant condition of flux and change; not a mere dead skeleton, chained in the rusty fetters of a vanished past. Even philosophical fair-play is beyond his comprehension. All roads lead to Rome (N.Y.). The king can do no wrong.

The second objection is to the absence of any scientific arrangement in those changes which are to distinguish the true Columbian-Augustan from the English imposter. In respect of "eye-rhymes" quite specifically, these dicta are likely, on Columbia's own principles, to deprive her poets of much rhyming resource. Possibly they have been devised by editors, with a view to the progressive extermination of the species. For example, no "World's Series" would be complete without its Sox of whatever hue, even if they have not yet evolved the Soxes. But why only these? Where are the city blox, the striking clox, the whisky crox, the shipping dox, the fleecy flox, the summer frox, the cruel knox, the patent lox, the scolden mox, the rugged rox, the sudden shox, the peasant smox; or the watered, or Brompton, stoxx? The last, in particular, together with hollyhox, would furnish an impeccable horticultural rhyme to phlox. Similarly, it is now almost "standard" to write "thru" in Columbian orthography. But why are not blew, blue, brew, clew, clue, chew, crew, cue, do, drew, due, flew, glue, grew, hew, hue, Jew, knew, Lew, Lou, mew, new, rue, skew, slew, slough, stew, sue, too, true, yew, you, brought into conformity? Nor must we overlook the class "yuh," so dear to the conversational circles of the "Flying U" (or should it be Flying Yuh?) and other primitive societies where men are men. This majority of Americans—if by nobody else—to rhyme with "thru." Yet on the Columbian principle itself, this fertile field is forbidden ground to its own poets, and must cramp their style quite noticeably. For many of these words do not eye-rhyme one with another; and not one of them eye-rhymes with "thru!" The predicament of a patriotic bard in the State of Arizona (if they have them there) is even more lamentable. How does he contrive to celebrate in rhyme the glories of its largest city? Even were it (poetically) possible to drag them into conjunction, pronunciation precludes the association of "Tucson" with "Juxson" (the Bishop of London, 1649; I have never found another); and "eye-rhyme" prohibits the use of "loosen." Eheu!

We have been informed with much pseudo-scientific solemnity that the form "labor" is merely the deletion of the intrusive and illegitimate Johnsonian "u," and a reversion to the original Latin purity. So far, good; we are, however, left to infer that the same desire for original Latin purity—only to be attained by the elision of the Johnsonian "u"—again—is responsible for "neighbor." Actually, of course, as even an American editor should know if he assumes to pronounce on English, "neighbour" is Saxon, a "nigh boor" = a nearby farmer ("boor" identical with German "bauer" and Dutch "boer" = farmer); and the "u" is a component factor in the historical structure of the word. It has been a not infrequent complaint among poets and those who must (perforce) read them, that "labor" is the only—or almost only—rhyme for "neighbor." The new lexicocracy flings the poet even out of that last ditch; there is no no rhyme for "neighbor." Eye-rhyme has banished Ali Baba, caber, Faber, Kleber, labor, sabre, Mar-Saba, tabor, Tabor, and Weber. An Irishman might say "by jabers"; but even that, as a plural, is impossible. What was in its time a catchy American jingle (misconceived then to be a cunning rhyme) must

follow those into limbo. It was written in 1888 that "Brave Dewey in the dead of night sailed past the fortress of Cavite; the overwhelming Yankee fleet silenced the guns of Fort Cavite; the situation's one of gravity unless we take and hold Fort Cavite." In view of the modern developments, even the contemptuous name of "rhymester" is denied to this unlucky bard.

The world has been told by a high (self-constituted) Columbian authority that history is bunk. It would seem that the history not merely of the English language, but of any language at large, is included by the champions of the eye-rhyme delusion in this sweeping pronouncement. It seems quite evident that the propagators of this preposterous nonsense can never have paused to reflect upon the history and progress of poetry. It is certain that we have not yet reached the sage where it is superfluous to insist that poetry began as a spoken something; and that for long ages it could have been nothing else. A rhyme, like every other word in any language, was a sound prior to becoming a sight; something heard long before it was seen. No intelligent person—certainly nobody who presumes to define in any manner the nature of language—should need to be told that many, perhaps even yet a majority, of the peoples of the world have not reached the stage of "visible" language—i.e., writing. In reference to English specifically, it may be considered certain that the "rhymed" folklore or weather-lore proverbs in which so much of the age-old experience of our fathers was crystallized and embalmed—and which old Camden's collections show to have been old in Shakespeare's time—long antedated any general diffusion of writing among ordinary folk. They never learned their rhymes from any "able-editor," as Carlyle would have called him; he learned from them. The two or three independent collections in the Biblical Book of Proverbs were beyond doubt compiled in the same manner.

In the attempt to make spelling the test of rhyme, the ignorance of the "eye-rhymers" concerning the foregoing principles recoils upon himself and exposes him. English spelling, other than in phonetic forms which ran into hundreds of

(Continued on Page 4)

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THEATRE DIRECTORY

PRINCESS—Wed., Thurs., Fri., Jan. 8, 9, 10—Brian Donlevy in "The Great McGinty," and William Boyd in "Hidden Gold."

STRAND—Mon. to Thurs., Jan. 5-9—Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy and Claudette Colbert in "Boom Town."

EMPRESS—Wed., Thurs., Fri., Jan. 8, 9, 10—Cary Grant in "Gunga Din" and Ginger Rogers in "Bachelor Mother."

VARSCONA—Sat., Mon., Tues., Jan. 4, 6, 7—"Remember," with Greer Garson and Robert Taylor, and "The Marines Fly High" with Richard Dix and Lucille Ball. Wed., Thurs., Fri., Jan. 8, 9, 10—"Dr. Kildare's Strange Case" with Lew Ayres and Lionel Barrymore; "Over the Moon" with Merle Oberon.

RIALTO—Now running till Friday, Jan. 8—"South of Pago Pago" with Jon Hall, Victor McLagen and Frances Farmer.

CAPITOL—One week starting Sat., Jan. 4—"The sensation of the season, 'Escape,' featuring Norma Shearer and Robert Taylor. Coming soon—"Hudson's Bay," picture of the pioneer days of Canada.

GARNEAU—Mon., Tues., Wed., Jan. 6, 7, 8—"Goodbye, Mr. Chips," starring Robert Donat and Greer Garson. Thurs., Fri., Sat., Jan. 9, 10, 11—"Too Many Husbands," with Melvyn Douglas, Jean Arthur and Fred MacMurray; also "Sabotage."

NOTICE!

Snapshot Competition

Snapshots may now be entered in the Evergreen and Gold competition. Prints with description on back may be deposited in the Year Book box at the post office. Three prizes of free Year Books or their monetary equivalent are offered. All clear prints will be printed in the Year Book regardless of merit, so everyone send in as many pictures as possible.

GATEWAY SPORT SECTION

Announce Dates For Intercollegiate Meets

Intervarsity Sport Schedule Arranged; Manitoba Reneges On Swim Meet; Teams Travel

NO HOCKEY AT SASKATOON

Assault-at-Arms in Hub City

Athletic activities have reached a new low on the campus, but within a few days it is hoped that the manifold clubs that provide athletic participation will have swung into the new year's activities.

The intervarsity sport picture is definitely brighter now than it has been for some time. It is fairly certain that the Senior hockey team, which has seen little action so far, will have a chance to prove itself in an intervarsity series. Present indications point to a series between Alberta and Saskatchewan, to be played here on or around the 31st of January. As Saskatchewan has no home ice sheet, a return engagement will not be possible.

Varsity Station Plans Programs For New Year

CKUA plans to offer a wide variety of programs to the 1941 radio audience. The Gateway News program, featuring student campus news, the review of current motion pictures by William R. Wallace, and Varsity Varieties, a program using student musical and dramatic talent, are all to be presented. The Forum program will include lectures on farm management, community organization, and other topics by such well known speakers as Mr. Donald Cameron, Mr. N. Stewart and Mr. R. W. Salt. In the Animal Science series, talks on animal diseases, swine, bees, etc., will be presented. Dean Newton will speak soon on "Towards Better-balanced Crop Acreages," and Mr. J. A. Allan on "Origin of Soils."

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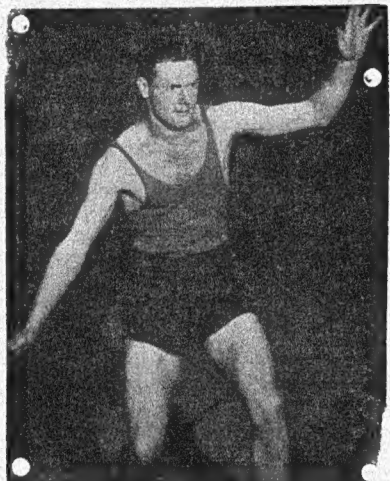
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HOCKEY TROPHY



Above is the Halpenny Trophy awarded to the winner of the Western Intercollegiate hockey championship. It is doubtful if it will be up for competition this winter. It has had a more or less permanent home at Alberta.

YOUNIE



"Brick" Younie, veteran member of the Golden Bears basketball team. Brick is in his third year with the squad and appears headed for the best season of his career. We hope so, too!

Norma Madill To Sing Katisha In Mikado Opera

To be presented by the Philharmonic Society at the end of January, The Mikado promises to be a performance above the average standard of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas given in past years by this society. Alec Keven, choral director, T. Dalkin, stage director, and M. Holloway, musical director, are straining with the principals and cast to make this year's performance the best ever. The loss of Trudy Carlyle, the Freshman alto from Calgary, who had promised to steal the show in the part of Katisha, will be amply replaced by Norma Madill, the "Fair Queen" of last year. All the cast are urged to attend every rehearsal from now on. Tuesday night Mr. Kevin will finally test the girls' voices and eliminate those unable to reach high C. Male choristers are still needed, especially tenors. There are assurances that it is not too late to begin. A free trip to Calgary is offered to those who join.

"Eye-Rhymes"

(Continued from Page 3)

variations, scarcely existed before Johnson's time. I have in my own possession of list of 53 prefix, and 40 suffix-forms of Layton, Leyton, which carried to absolute exhaustion would yield 2,120 ways of spelling that name. According to the canons of this precious proposition, "heart" is ipso facto no rhyme for cart, dart, part, tart, etc. But for generations, as any student knows, the word was quite commonly spelt "hart," amongst various forms.

Whatever may be said about the vagaries of English spelling, it is difficult to see how the adoption of the present spelling of words, rather than their sound, as a basis for any method of classification, can help matters. No amount of talk can prevent "firm" and "worm" from being rhymes, or transmute "worm" and "form" into such. So also with sound-identities as Burnell, colonel, journal, kernel, vernal; flirt, hurt, pert, wort; hymn, limn, skim, Plym; Bowery, cowrie, flowery, houri, dowry; cowed, crowd, ploughed, Macleod; own, loan, stone, Mendel-sin; wine, wind, Lynd; mind, designed, refined; skulked, skulled; only, lonely; great, gait, state; sons, ones; defer, occur, stir, myrrh; rough, stuff, etc., etc. "Once," pronounced as ordinarily intelligent people pronounce it in their varying tones, may quite legitimately rhyme with "nonce" or "dunce." "Tongue" may similarly rhyme with "strong," "young, or hung"; and "one" with "run, ton or gone." But no amount of word-torturing can make true rhymes of beat, sweat, great, by reason of spelling. Certain other rhymes appear to be of native Columbian origin; and in these cases the native authority

Heard, Read and Seen

By FRED KENDRICK

Things are pretty quiet on the sports front now, but another week should see athletics resume their important place in campus activities. The intercollegiate sports picture is gradually becoming clearer—pretty well everything is arranged with the exception of the hockey set-up. Unfortunately, there will be no swimming meet, both Alberta and Saskatchewan deciding it was not possible to travel to Manitoba.

Regarding hockey, it seems Saskatchewan can't arrange to play their end of the series in Saskatoon, and all that is left is to have the Huskies come here for two games in February. However, this little matter will be taken care of at the M.A.B. meeting this week.

It is very probable though, that any intercollegiate hockey series would resemble the late lamented rugby league, in that there would be no jewelry at stake. The Halpenny Trophy has been quite an ornament to our trophy case, and there is no good reason why it shouldn't remain there.

From the Badminton Club we hear they are planning a tournament to begin very shortly. The executive would like all members to turn out and enter in the tourney. We understand there is still room for any shuttle fan who has not been out as yet.

Interfac hockey is getting lined up for another busy season. Elsewhere on the page is a practice schedule. The loops are to swing into action January 15. They tell us the Engineers have quite a strong team in prospect; as a matter of fact, just before Christmas we were told that they were even thinking of challenging the senior team. Should be interesting, if it happens!

Boxers and wrestlers are reminded that the interfac tournament is not so far off. The results of this tournament will be the basis of team selection for the intercollegiate assault-at-arms, to be held at Saskatoon in February. So if you want to see the Hub City, better get in shape.

Oh, yes, lest we forget. Sports fans should be interested in a tea fight to be held in Convocation Hall, Friday, January 10, beginning at 3:30. The tea is sponsored by the War Workers of the Wauneta Society. It's a darn good cause, and it ought to be a good fight. See you there?

Interfac Hockey Practice Periods Are Announced

A list of practice periods for interfac hockey teams is given below. The interfac league will consist of A and B divisions, but division will not be done until it is seen how many teams will be available.

Engineers, please note that your practice will be held Saturday afternoon from 3 to 5 p.m. This is the only change in the practice schedule as given below:

Wednesday, January 8—
7-8, Pharm-Dents; 8-9, Meds; 9-10, Comm-Law.
Monday, January 12—
7-8, Arts; 8-9, Aggies; 9-10, Engineers.

The league will commence on Wednesday, January 15th. Games will be played every Monday and Wednesday evening at the Varsity open-air rink.

should without doubt be final. The town of Wooster (Ohio) appears to present an attempt to record phonetically the English pronunciation of Worcester; although in England this would rhyme with cluster, duster, muster, etc., rather more nearly. Can it be that such forms as "booster rooster," which are only known in England as alien importations, were deliberately designed in order to make Wooster available for poetic purposes? The suggestion is a tempting one; and finds some support in another example. Like the famous problem of the hen versus the egg, it appears to be uncertain whether "skunked" or "debunked" came first. It is true that such false rhymes as "adjunct" and "defunct" had long existed; but this very case may mark the dawning realization of the true nature of rhyme; and the creation of an unsalable companion form consequently became imperative for the poetic vocabulary. Some future Columbian "Hudibras" will doubtless one day do them justice. One could conceive of a cleansing of the Augean stables of Columbian civic politics (for example) being delineated somewhat thus:

"The wavering forces of corruption flunked;
The heeler 'boss,' and grafter—all were skunked;
The chiselling mungypunk likewise was debunked."

The amplification of the root-form, "unk," possibly marks a definite step in the deliberately-fostered growth of language. Such forms as ascendant, resplendent; incessant, quiescent; dominant, prominent; and others—which owe much of their divergent spellings to the preservation of the "original Latin purity"—could probably not be classed as "true rhymes" if the full value of every vowel were stressed. But in how many instances will even the most cultivated and finished of speakers could these minute differences of sound be detected, unless the addition of another syllable (as with "experimental" or "transcend-

Meeting Thurs. Will Organize City Basketball

According to word received Tuesday morning, a meeting will be held Thursday night for the purpose of organizing an intra-city basketball league. The University of Alberta will be represented, and will have a team in the proposed city league.

As far as is known, there will be from four to six teams in the league. There will probably be two teams from the Y.M.C.A., Auroras, Boy Grads, and Alberta Golden Bears.

Although practising diligently before Christmas, Varsity had few opportunities to get playing practice. However, with the formation of the league ample opposition will be met to get the boys in shape for the intercollegiate series.

Practices for the new year started Tuesday afternoon.

COLLEGE OF EDUCATION HAS SUCCESSFUL DANCE

College of Education always has a chummy, cosy atmosphere, and that was the keynote of the Christmas dance held by College of Education for their guests on Friday, Dec. 13th (you can't scare College of Ed's, they're too educated).

Novelty mixer dances, announced by Jack Ellis and accompanied by Varsity's old friend, the Wurliizer, made the dance very informal and enjoyable. Just the right amount of dignity was added by the presence of Dr. and Mrs. Lazerte, Mr. Jim Pantan and Dr. Argue, who honored us by sharing our good time.

A presentation of all-day suckers and mixed sweets, which would have delighted the heart of any child, was made to four members of the class who informed us that they all had a birthday the previous day. They were Misses Aileen Aylesworth, Norma Smith, Kay Frey and Beth Rankin.

The conveners—Beth Rankin, Jack Ellis and Maureen Maxwell—chose the favorite Varsity lunch of coffee and doughnuts.

ental" (for example) shifted the accent? How many people speak so precisely themselves? Let him that is without sin cast the first stone. We fear that some amongst us, however, would accept such correction somewhat impatiently from the purists of a society which has transformed "tough" into a noun and "bluff" into a verb, in their most familiar connotations at least; in which "I getcha" and "Wojerknow?" appear to have taken rank as the established greeting-ritual in the eclectic circles of the "service club"; and in which a widely-heralded lady publicist, lecturing under the auspices of an exclusive world-educational body and bearing every external pretension to culture, could nevertheless use the almost standard (Columbian) synonym, "sump'n" for "something." Columbia, who made thee a prince and a judge over us? "Eye-rhymes," forsooth!

Golden Bears May Clash With Lacombe Sat.; Meet Junior Club at Arena Week Following

GET \$35.00 GUARANTEE

Other Games Arranged for Bears

The Senior hockey team is promised plenty of action for the next two months. Heretofore they have received but one engagement, with Lacombe, which they won by an easy margin. The Edmonton Junior League is co-operating with the Men's Athletic Board, and several games have been arranged.

There will probably be a game in Lacombe on Saturday night, that is, if the M.A.B. approves an appropriation of \$25 or so for expenses. This becomes necessary, as Lacombe can only guarantee us \$35 on the game, due to the unfortunate lack of support given the Lacombe team. The weather, of course, has much to do with this.

The Golden Bears will meet either the E.A.C. or Maple Leafs, of the Edmonton Junior League, at the Arena on the 18th of this month. Either of the junior teams should give the Mohr-men a good workout, and both the Bears and the juniors will benefit by the tussle.

On the 21st a game is scheduled with Wetaskiwin, of the Intermediate League, to be played in Wetaskiwin. The Wetaskiwin team occupies second place in the league at present. Another game with a junior team will be played at the Arena on the 25th, again with either the E.A.C. or Maple Leafs.

At present the M.A.B. is trying to arrange mid-week return games with the Junior League, to be played on Zurch's South Side rink. Nothing has definitely resulted as yet from these proposals, but it is possible that they will be successfully completed if Junior League officials approve.

The Bears may play Stettler on or about the 8th of February. If this game cannot be arranged, a fixture with the Juniors will probably replace it.

All these games will certainly give the Bears abundant and thorough workouts, and will shape them up for the series with Saskatchewan. It is hoped that they can retain the Halpenny Trophy, and by all indications they should have little difficulty doing so.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Word was received Tuesday that instruction in the art of gym work would recommence on Friday, Jan. 10, from 4 to 6 p.m., in Athabasca gym.

Instruction in given in box horse, springboard, parallel bars, mat tumbling, and high bar work.

While the turnout before Christmas was fair, there is still room for anyone who would like to learn the essentials of gymnasium work under expert leadership.

Anyone interested is asked to be on hand Friday at 4 p.m.

Here's the New Year Interfac. Hoop Schedule

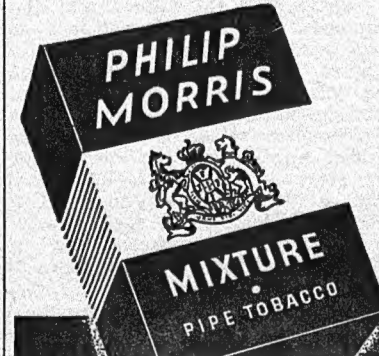
January 7—
Meds vs. Aggies.
Pharm-Dents vs. Arts.
January 9—
Pharm-Dents vs. Meds.
Arts vs. Engineers.
January 14—
Meds vs. Education.
Comm-Law vs. Pharm-Dents.
January 16—
Agiess vs. Education.
Engineers vs. Comm-Law.
January 21—
Comm-Law vs. Education.
Current members of the Varsity and the B squads are ineligible for interfac competition.
The basketball point system is as follows: Entrance 50, First 125, Second 100, Third 85.

And the Set-up For the Season's Ping-pong Loop

Play between Dec. 9 and Jan. 11—
Meds vs. Arts.
Engineers vs. Aggies.
Comm-Law vs. Meds.
Education vs. Engineers.
Play between Jan. 16 and Jan. 30—
Agiess vs. Arts.
Engineers vs. Pharm-Dents.
Agiess vs. Comm-Law.
Arts vs. Education.
Play between Feb. 3 and Feb. 15—
Meds vs. Aggies.
Pharm-Dents vs. Arts.
Pharm-Dents vs. Meds.
Arts vs. Engineers.
Play between Feb. 17 and Mar. 3—
Meds vs. Education.
Comm-Law vs. Pharm-Dents.
Agiess vs. Education.
Engineers vs. Comm-Law.
Comm-Law vs. Education.

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